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Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident. No. 50/LDL G345Y

Final Draft

Dear Bob,  
Suggested cuts -  
shout loud if you  
don't like them, but  
please shout soon.  
Eric

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'The Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE THREE

Re-edited  
29/6/84

35-45

87

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FILM REHEARSAL: 3/4 August

TRAVEL TO SPAIN: 8/8/84

FILMING: 9th August - 16th August 1984 (14th Day off)

TRAVEL BACK FROM SPAIN: 17/8/84

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 20th August - 26th September 1984

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio: 30/31 August 1984  
Rehearse: 13/14 September 1984  
27/28 September 1984

TRANSMISSION: TBA

THESE DATES REPLACE THOSE ON THE FRONT PAGES OF EP.1 AND EP.2.



"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'The Two Doctors' EPISODE THREE

CAST:

THE TWO DOCTORS  
PERI  
JAMIE  
CHESSENE  
DASTARI  
SHOCKEYE  
STIKE  
VARL  
WAITER  
ANITA  
OSCAR BOTCHERBY

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

CELLARS  
BEDROOM  
HALLWAY  
KITCHEN  
STONE PASSAGE  
OUTBUILDING  
RESTAURANT

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

EXT. HACIENDA  
WOODLAND  
COUNTRY ROAD  
ARAB QUARTER

\* \* \* \* \*



"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

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EPISODE THREE

SUPOSE CAM      Opening  
                  Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Woodland. Day.

As SHOCKEYE reaches  
for her, PERI snaps  
out of her frozen  
shock and scrambles  
frantically away.

SHOCKEYE pounces with  
surprising speed for  
someone of his bulk.

PERI screams.

SHOCKEYE:    Steady, my little  
                  beauty! Come to Shockeye ...  
                  (cont ...)



PERI claws and fights.

SHOCKEYE pinions her wrists in one huge hand. With the other he pinches and prods her like a farmer appraising a bullock.

SHOCKEYE: (cont) What a fine, fleshy beast! Just in your prime and ripe for the knife.

He cuffs her massively on the head and Peri's struggles cease.

SHOCKEYE: Pity it's not a jack, *stuck...*  
~~all the same. Nothing to beat a young jack animal. Still, once old Shockeye's got its pelt off and braised it in the juice of its own giblets, Chessene won't know whether it's a jack or jill...~~

He flings PERI over his shoulder and sets off back to the house.

END TELECINE 1.



1. INT. CELLARS.

STIKE: Varl, inform Chessene we have another Time Lord in our collection.

VARL: Sir.

(HE EXITS.

STIKE MOVES  
CLOSER)

STIKE: I am Group Marshall Stike, Commander of the Ninth Battle Group.

THE DOCTOR: A long way from the war, aren't you, Stike? Going badly, is it?

STIKE: Quite the contrary. And thanks to the information you've just given me, I shall be back with my unit in time for the crucial battle.

THE DOCTOR: My money's still on the Rutans.

STIKE: Get into the machine, Time Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Why? Oh, of course! Do you really expect me to give Sontarans ~~the Rassilon imprimature~~ the power of time travel?



(STIKE GRABS JAMIE,  
PINIONING HIM ROUND  
THE NECK, AND HOLDS  
HIS GUN TO JAMIE'S  
HEAD)

STIKE: Do it or your comrade  
dies! ~~And then you'll be put  
into the machine anyway.~~

(THE DOCTOR STARES  
AT HIM ANGRILY,  
THEN HIS SHOULDERS  
SAG RESIGNEDLY)

~~THE DOCTOR: You leave me little  
choice, Stike. But you'll harm  
my companion at your peril.~~

STIKE: Get in.

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS  
THE KIOSK.

STIKE, KEEPING A  
FIRM GRIP ON JAMIE,  
OPERATES THE  
EXTERNAL CONTROL  
PANEL WITH THE  
MUZZLE OF HIS GUN.

THE KIOSK MAKES  
THE NOISE OF A  
MINI-TARDIS AND  
DEMATERIALISES  
THEN THE SOUND IS  
HEARD RETURNING  
AND THE KIOSK  
APPEARS AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR STEPS  
OUT)

THE DOCTOR: Satisfied?

STIKE: So the machine is now  
primed?



THE DOCTOR: Yes.

STIKE: Excellent, Doctor. I shall now execute your comrade.

(JAMIE'S SLOWLY  
EXTENDING FINGERS  
CLOSE ROUND THE  
SKEIN DHU IN HIS  
SOCK)

THE DOCTOR: That's why you Sontarans have no allies. You can't be trusted.

STIKE: We have no need of allies. Sontaran might is invincible.

(JAMIE STABS THE  
KNIFE BACKWARDS  
INTO STIKE'S LEG.

HE GIVES A SHOUT  
OF PAIN.

THE DOCTOR DIVES  
FORWARD AND SEIZES  
STIKE'S GUN-ARM.

THERE IS A TUSSLE  
BEFORE JAMIE AND  
THE DOCTOR THROW  
STIKE TO THE GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: Run, Jamie!

(THEY RACE OUT OF  
THE CELLAR.

STIKE PICKS UP HIS  
GUN AND BLAZES A  
SHOT AFTER THEM.

THEN HE GETS UP AND  
LUMBERS IN PURSUIT,  
FIRING AS HE RUNS)



2. INT. HALLWAY.

(DASTARI AND  
CHESSENE ARE  
WITH THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
STILL IN HIS  
WHEELCHAIR.

THEY ARE STARING  
AT VARL)

CHESSENE: A second Time Lord?

VARL: The Group Marshal has  
taken him prisoner.

DASTARI: Listen!

(THE SOUND OF FURTHER  
SHOTS FROM THE CELLAR.

CHESSENE AND DASTARI  
HURRY OFF, FOLLOWED  
BY VARL.

THE DOCTOR'S EYES  
OPEN. HE WATCHES  
THEM LEAVE. HE LOOKS  
AT HIS HAND, RESTING  
ON THE ARM OF THE  
CHAIR.

WITH A TREMENDOUS  
EFFORT OF WILL, HE  
FORCES HIS FINGERS  
TO OPEN AND SHUT,  
STRUGGLING TO BRING  
LIFE BACK INTO HIS  
PARALYSED MUSCLES)



3. INT. CELLARS.

CHESSENE: Impossible! How could  
the Time Lords have traced us?

(STIKE BARELY GLANCES  
AT HER, HIS EYES  
SEARCHING EVERY  
CORNER OF THE CELLAR)

~~STIKE: I tell you one was here,  
Chessene. I found him examining  
the Time Module.~~

~~CHESSENE: If this is some kind  
of trick, Stike -~~

STIKE: It is the truth. I did  
not do this to myself.

(HE INDICATES THE  
PATCH OF BLOOD ON  
HIS LEG, THE SHAFT  
OF THE KNIFE STILL  
PROTRUDING.

DASTARI'S EYES WIDEN)

DASTARI: The Doctor's companion  
at the Space Station had such a  
weapon, Chessene. The same carved,  
bone handle.

VARL: They must still be down  
here, sir. We passed nobody.

STIKE: Then this warren must have  
another exit. Search for it.  
~~Waste no more time.~~



(THEY BEGIN  
EXAMINING  
THE WALLS IN  
THE DARKEST NICHES  
OF THE CELLAR.

IT IS DASTARI WHO  
FINDS THE EXIT -  
A WINE RACK WHICH  
SWINGS ASIDE)

DASTARI: Over here.

(THEY MOVE INTO  
THE STONE PASSAGE)



4. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(THE DOCTOR REACHES  
DOWN THROUGH THE  
TRAP AND HAULS  
JAMIE UP)

JAMIE: They're coming, Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR SLAMS  
DOWN THE TRAP-DOOR  
AND INDICATES AN OLD  
STONE WATER-TROUGH,  
BROKEN AND LAYING ON  
ITS SIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Give me a hand.

(WITH EFFORT, THEY  
DRAG THE TROUGH  
ACROSS THE TRAP)

JAMIE: Let's go.

(THEY HURRY OUT AS  
HAMMERING STARTS  
ON THE TRAP-DOOR)



5. INT. STONE PASSAGE

(DASTAR COMES  
OFF THE LADDER)

DASTAR: It's no good. They've  
jammed it.

STAKE: Stand aside.

(HE HOLSTERS HIS  
GUN AND GOES TO  
THE LADDER)



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

THE DOCTOR and JAMIE  
run towards the house.

*looking for us*

~~THE DOCTOR:~~ While they're busy ~~down there~~ we've got a chance to  
get me-him out ...

With more caution they  
go up the steps and  
slip quietly inside.

END TELECINE 2.



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6. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(THE TRAP DOOR IS  
SLOWLY CREAKING  
UP.

THE HEAVY TROUGH  
BEGINS TO SLIP  
ASIDE)



7. INT. HALLWAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
IS TRYING TO  
MANOEUVRE HIS  
CHAIR WITH A  
PALSIED HAND.

HE LOOKS ROUND  
AS THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) ENTERS  
WITH JAMIE)

JAMIE: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Ah,  
there you are, Jamie.

(THE TWO DOCTORS  
EYE EACH OTHER  
IN ALMOST HOSTILE  
FASHION)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I've come  
a long way for you.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Don't  
expect gratitude. Whatever happens  
to me ultimately affects you.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Can you move?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Not yet.  
My liver is trying to neutralise  
ten millilitres of ethelene-tri-  
sorbin.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I saw the  
vial.



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JAMIE: Someone's coming!

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Over there!

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
AND JAMIE CONCEAL  
THEMSELVES BEHIND  
A MASSIVELY CARVED  
CABINET.

SHOCKEYE ENTERS  
CARRYING PERI.

HE GIVES THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
A GENIAL PAT ON  
THE HEAD AS HE  
PASSES)

SHOCKEYE: Wake up, Old Time Lord.  
Supper will soon be served.

(HE GOES ON THROUGH)

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8. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(CHESSENE GOES  
TOWARDS THE DOOR)

CHESSENE: He has escaped.

STIKE: Typical cowardice.

CHESSENE: He'll come back.  
He has to. Dastari, you come  
with me. Stike, you and Varl  
search the area.

(SHE EXITS WITH  
DASTARI)

STIKE: That Androgum has given  
its last order.

VARL: Sir?

STIKE: I have outwitted Chessene.  
The Time Module is now fully  
operational, Major Varl, so you  
and I can return to our unit.

VARL: Excellent news, sir.

STIKE: Come.



8A. INT. HALLWAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
FEIGNING  
UNCONSCIOUSNESS  
AS DASTARI EXAMINES  
HIM)

CHESSENE: Now the Time Lords have located us, Dastari, we must move quickly.

DASTARI: The operation cannot be hurried, Chessene.

CHESSENE: I'm aware of that. But I have a contingency plan. It's been in my mind for some time.

DASTARI: What contingency plan?

CHESSENE: To turn this Time Lord into an Androgum. You could do that, I know.

DASTARI: Well ... if I had the genetic material.

CHESSENE: Take it from Shockeye.

DASTARI: Shockeye? ~~What is your intention, Chessene?~~

CHESSENE: I want you to make a consort for me. Leave him the power of time travel, leave the symbiotic nuclei within him, but turn him into an Androgum by blood and instinct. How long would that take?



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DASTARI: Not long. Two simple operations, first to implant the genetic material and then a second operation to stabilise his condition.

(THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
IS REGISTERING  
THIS.

BEHIND THE CABINET,  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
AND JAMIE ARE ALSO  
EAVESDROPPING)

CHESSENE: Good. Then that is what we must do. I will get Shockeye.

~~DASTARI: I don't think he'll  
co-operate. He has firm views  
on racial purity.~~

~~CHESSENE: He won't get the chance  
to argue.~~

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9. INT. KITCHEN.

(SHOCKEYE IS HAPPILY  
SHARPENING HIS OWN  
KNIFE, A GROTESQUE  
WEAPON.

HE TESTS THE EDGE  
OF THE BLADE, THEN  
PICKS UP A CONVENTIONAL  
KITCHEN KNIFE AND  
SPLITS THE BLADE WITH  
HIS OWN KNIFE, SMILING,  
HE CROSSES TO PERI WHO  
IS LYING ON A CHOPPING  
BENCH.

HE TIPS HER CHIN  
BACK AND FINDS THE  
POINT ON HER NECK  
DESTINED FOR THE  
FIRST CUT.

(CHESSENE ENTERS)

~~CHESSENE: I see you caught it.~~

~~SHOCKEYE: Of course.~~

*Shockeye*  
CHESSENE: I want you to help  
Dastari get the Doctor back  
to the operating theatre.

SHOCKEYE: Can't I trim this  
beast first, madam? It will  
only take a few minutes.

CHESSENE: Later, Shockeye.  
Dastari wants to operate  
immediately.



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(SHOCKEYE SIGHS AND  
SHEATHS THE KNIFE  
AT HIS BELT)

SHOCKEYE: If you say so.



TELECINE 3:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

STIKE is pacing slowly  
up and down.

VARL watches.

STIKE stops and  
turns to him.

STIKE: Orders.

VARL: Sir.

STIKE: Return to the craft and  
contact Sontaran High Command.  
~~Send the message: Not Secret.~~  
Report that we have possession  
of a functioning time-space  
machine. Request permission  
to use ~~the machine~~ to rejoin  
our unit in the Madillon Cluster.  
~~Suggest that after the battle~~  
~~the machine can be placed at~~  
~~the disposal of our technical~~  
~~support staff. Is that clear?~~

VARL: ~~Yes~~ sir.

STIKE: ~~Wait for acknowledgment~~  
~~then~~ set the craft ~~on~~ self-  
destruct ~~on~~. I intend to leave  
no-one alive here so bring two  
mezon-weapons from the armoury.

VARL: ~~Weapons, Sir.~~ But  
they are our heaviest calibre.

*Yes.*  
STIKE: I know. ~~But if I~~  
~~is worth doing it is worth doing~~  
~~well. Major Varl.~~

END TELECINE 3.



10. INT. CELLARS.

(SHOCKEYE AND DASTARI  
LIFT THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON) ON TO  
THE OPERATING TABLE.

HE RAISES HIS HEAD  
WITH DIFFICULTY)

THE DOCTOR: You know what this  
precious pair have planned for you,  
Shockeye?

DASTARI: Enough!

SHOCKEYE: What?

(CHESSENE, HER GUN  
SET TO STUN, BLASTS  
HIM IN THE BACK.

SHOCKEYE TOPPLES  
SLOWLY FORWARD)

THE DOCTOR: How much lower can  
you sink, Dastari? You plan to  
turn me into that!

CHESSENE: Oh, no, Doctor.  
Nothing so clean and simple.  
You will be my little hybrid  
creature. A once-proud Time  
Lord grovelling at the feet  
of Chessene o' the Franzine Grig!  
An amusing thought, isn't it?  
Even Shockeye will come to see  
the irony. (GAZES AT SHOCKEYE  
AFFECTIONATELY) Eventually.



11. INT. KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
SPRAYS WATER OVER  
PERI'S FACE.

JAMIE IS KEEPING  
WATCH AT THE DOOR.

PERI COMES ROUND,  
SPLUTTERING)

PERI: Oh, my head! ... What  
happened?

THE DOCTOR: Can you stand?

PERI: I think so.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, then.  
We've got to get out of here.

(HE HELPS HER UP  
AND PROPELS HER  
FROM THE ROOM)



12. INT. CELLARS.

(SHOCKEYE LIES IN  
A MACHINE.

SHINING FLEXIBLE  
LINES COIL OUT OF  
THE MACHINE CASING  
AND ARE CONNECTED  
TO THE DOCTOR'S  
(TROUGHTON'S)  
FOREHEAD, CHEST AND  
ARMS THROUGH  
APERTURES IN THE  
GREEN SHROUD  
TOTALLY COVERING  
HIS BODY.

DASTARI MAKES SOME  
FINAL ADJUSTMENTS  
AND THEN THROWS  
A SWITCH.

THE MACHINE PULSES  
WITH POWER.

THE FLEXIBLE LINES  
VIBRATE.

THE DOCTOR STIFFENS  
AS THE GENETIC FORCE  
FLOWS INTO HIM)

CHESSENE: How long?

DASTARI: A few minutes. It is  
essentially the same operation  
I have performed many times on  
you.

CHESSENE: But this time in  
reverse. ~~This time you taking~~  
~~from an Androgum rather than~~  
~~augmenting one.~~



DASTARI: The principle is no different. What will you do when Stike discovers the plan has been changed?

CHESSENE: I have no further use for Stike. He and his underling must be destroyed.



TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
reaches the cover  
of the trees with  
JAMIE and PERI.

They drop to the  
ground, panting  
from their exertions.

JAMIE: What now? They've  
still got the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: And they're turning  
us into an Androgum.

JAMIE: How long will it take?

THE DOCTOR: You heard Dastari.  
Just two operations ... I thought  
Stike would have acted by now!

*How?*  
PERI: Is Stike the Sontaran?

THE DOCTOR: That's right. And  
it doesn't usually take Sontarans  
this long to double-cross someone.

PERI: What do you mean, Doctor?

*He*  
THE DOCTOR: I ~~mean~~ Stike thinks  
he has a functioning time-machine.  
He won't have told Chessene, of  
course, because he'll be hoping  
to steal it from the Sontarans.  
And I would expect him to try to  
kill both ~~her~~ and Dastari before he  
leaves. (cont ...)

*Chessene*



THE DOCTOR: (cont) ~~During the confusion we might be able to reach the Doctor.~~ So why isn't my plan working?

JAMIE: Your plan?

THE DOCTOR: ~~Exactly.~~ Jamie, you don't think someone of Stike's build can sneak up behind me without my hearing them, do you?

JAMIE: ~~You mean~~ you knew he was there?

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) That's why I said what I did. None of it was strictly true. ~~In fact most of it was entirely untrue.~~ But he believed it because I was talking to you.

JAMIE: But the machine worked! I saw it.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes, it worked for me. But it won't work for him because I've got the briode-nebuliser.

He takes it from  
his pocket with  
a triumphant grin.

THE DOCTOR: If he tries to operate that machine without this the results should be worth seeing. The Sonatrans will have a vacancy for a Group Marshal.

END TELECINE 4.



13. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI SWITCHES  
OFF THE MACHINE)

DASTARI: I have given the Time Lord  
a fifty per cent Androgum inheritance.  
Within an hour that will become the  
dominant genetic factor and I can  
then stabilise his cell structure.

CHESSENE: Before then we must deal  
with the Sontarans.

DASTARI: How? ~~The people vent is~~  
~~their only vulnerable point.~~

CHESSENE: Coronic acid kills them.  
~~The robot is not a robot.~~  
~~Vellath with a sword and a shell.~~

DASTARI: But we haven't -

CHESSENE: I had three canisters  
prepared before we left the Station. *Just*  
*in case*

DASTARI: So you planned for this?

CHESSENE: Of course. Go and find  
them, Dastari. ~~They'll still be~~  
~~searching the grounds. I'll tell~~  
~~you how we bait the trap.~~

(HER VOICE FADES  
AWAY AS THEY EXIT.)

SHOCKEYE STIRS.



SHOCKEYE TRIES TO  
SIT UP. FINDS  
HIMSELF HAMPERED  
BY THE MACHINE.

HE GIVES A ROAR  
OF RAGE AND IN A  
DEMONSTRATION OF  
AWESOME STRENGTH  
HE BENDS IT ASIDE.

THEN, STILL GRUNTING  
WITH FURY, HE BEGINS  
RIPPING IT TO PIECES)

SHOCKEYE: Chessene, you have  
betrayed me! You have fouled  
the blood of the Quawncing Grig!

(HE RIPS OFF THE  
SHROUD COVERING THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)).

HE IS LYING THERE  
DREAMILY, EYES  
OPEN, SLOBBERING.  
HIS FACE HAS  
CHANGED AND BECOME  
BRUTAL. HE HAS A  
LOW, SLOPING FOREHEAD  
AND A BULGING  
BROW-RIDGE)

THE DOCTOR: Caipercaizies in  
brandy sauce.

SHOCKEYE: What?

THE DOCTOR: With a stuffing  
of black pudding, made of  
fresh pig's blood with herbs  
and pepper. And the breast  
of the bird should be slit  
and studded with truffles.

(SHOCKEYE STARES AT  
HIM WITH A FLICKER  
OF INTEREST)



SHOCKEYE: ~~What are caiper~~  
~~caizies, you Time Lord mongrel?~~

THE DOCTOR: ~~The biggest,~~  
~~fattest, juiciest of birds that~~  
~~ever graced a roasting dish.~~

SHOCKEYE: You know the cuisine  
of this planet?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I know  
it! I've eaten pressed duck  
at the Tour D'Argent ~~that~~  
~~would make you cry with~~  
~~pleasure.~~ They are all just  
nine weeks old. They are fed  
only on corn, fruit pulp and  
molasses. They are exquisite,  
Shockeye! Why am I thinking  
of food?

SHOCKEYE: Because you are  
now an Androgum. ~~But listen -~~  
could you lead me to one of  
these eating places to sample  
the local dishes?

THE DOCTOR: ~~Why not~~ (SITS UP)  
Of course, you'd need proper  
clothes. A collar and tie, at  
least.

SHOCKEYE: I know where there  
are clothes. Come with me.

(THEY EXIT)



TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
pulls JAMIE and  
PERI deeper into  
the shrubbery.

THE DOCTOR: At last! Action,  
I think.

STIKE and VARL come  
past carrying their  
bulky mezon-weapons.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

DASTARI steps round  
the corner of the  
outbuilding.

DASTARI: Stike! This way.

VARL starts to raise  
his gun.

STIKE stays him with  
a casual wave.

STIKE: Not yet. Chessene  
first. She's the more  
dangerous. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR and CO.  
hear this.

THE DOCTOR motions  
and they start to  
trail the SONTARANS  
through the bushes.



STIKE: (cont) What is it,  
Dastari?

DASTARI: The Time Lord has  
returned. We saw him from  
the house.

STIKE: Where is he?

DASTARI: He's entered the  
passage. Chessene is waiting  
in the cellars. If you go in  
at this end we have him trapped.

STIKE exchanges a  
glance with VARL.

STIKE: ~~Very well.~~ Tell  
Chessene we'll wait two minutes  
and then enter.

DASTARI: She wants him taken  
alive if possible.

STIKE: Of course.

DASTARI hurries away.

STIKE and VARL enter  
the outbuilding.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

PERI: What's happening?

THE DOCTOR: A double double-  
cross, ~~I should think.~~ ~~The~~ *W*  
~~situation~~ gets more interesting  
by the minute.

END TELECINE 5.



14. INT. OUTBUILDING.

(STIKE AND VARL  
ARE BY THE TRAP-  
DOOR.

STIKE MOTIONS TO  
VARL TO PRECEDE  
HIM INTO THE  
TRAP-DOOR.

VARL PUTS HIS  
MEZON-WEAPON ON  
THE FLOOR AND  
LOWERS HIMSELF  
ON TO THE LADDER.

AFTER HE HAS GONE,  
STIKE HANDS HIS  
OWN GUN DOWN AND  
FOLLOWS.

THERE IS A MOVEMENT  
IN A JUNK-FILLED  
CORNER OF THE ROOM.

CHESSENE COMES  
OUT CLUTCHING  
THREE LARGE, RED  
CANISTERS.

SHE SCREWS DOWN  
THE DETONATORS  
AND HURLS THEM INTO  
THE SHAFT, KICKING  
THE TRAP-DOOR SHUT)



15. INT. STONE PASSAGE.

(THE FIRST CANISTER  
EXPLODES BEHIND  
VARL AND STIKE.

THEY SPIN ROUND.

VARL RAISES HIS  
MEZON-WEAPON AND  
FIRES A THUNDEROUS  
ROUND AT THE TRAP-  
DOOR WHICH EXPLODES.

THE REMAINING  
CANISTERS EXPLODE  
AND VARL IS DELUGED  
IN ACID RAIN.

HE IS STILL  
TRYING TO SHOOT  
AS HIS TISSUES  
BURST INTO FLAME.

HE GIVES A HOLLOW  
HOWL OF PAIN.

STIKE IS STAGGERING  
AWAY.

HE FALLS BUT  
DOGGEDLY KEEPS  
ON CRAWLING,  
DISTANCING HIMSELF  
FROM THE DEADLY  
ACID)



TELECINE 6.

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

VARL can be heard  
screaming.

Then the screaming  
dies away and stops.

CHESSENE comes out  
of the outbuilding  
and hurries back  
towards the house.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): It looks  
as though Chessene's won.

JAMIE: What d'you think she  
~~did?~~ *Used*

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Coronic  
acid, at a guess. ~~The Rutans~~  
developed it because it's  
especially effective against  
cloned tissue. Up to now  
the Sontarans haven't come  
up with an answer.

PERI tugs his sleeve.

PERI: Doctor.

PERI points.

CHESSENE is entering  
the house as SHOCKEYE  
and THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
come round its side into  
the courtyard.



SHOCKEYE is wearing  
the old tail-coat and  
a cravat.

The incongruous pair  
make their way out of  
the grounds.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Well, well.  
Now where can they be going?

JAMIE: They look quite friendly.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
narrows his eyes  
to see better.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Dastari's  
given him an Androgum injection.  
His features are totally  
changed.

PERI: What are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Follow.  
Watch for a chance to separate  
them. Come on.

END TELECINE 6.



16. INT. CELLARS.

(DASTARI AND CHESSENE  
STARE AT THE  
WRECKED APPARATUS)

CHESSENE: ~~This is Shockeye's  
doing!~~

DASTARI: Where have they  
gone?

CHESSENE: ~~That's obvious.  
Shockeye is always ravenous  
and The Doctor has absorbed  
the Quawncing Grig genes.~~  
They're hunting food.

DASTARI: ~~Chessene,~~ If The  
Doctor isn't stabilised  
within the hour ...

CHESSENE: He'll reject the  
transfusion. I'm well aware  
of that, ~~Dastari.~~

DASTARI: We must find them.

CHESSENE: Wait ... On this  
planet there is little  
hunting. The Dona Arana  
remembers many restaurants  
in Seville. That is where  
we shall find them. *Come.*

DASTARI: Restaurants?

CHESSENE: ~~Places where food  
is served for a fee.~~ Come.

(THEY HURRY OFF.)



STIKE IS LYING  
IN THE OUTER  
CELLAR.

HE WATCHES THEM  
PASS)

STIKE: Treacherous hag! ...  
I shall return to destroy that  
Androgum filth ...

(HE CLAWS HIS WAY  
UP THE WALL AND,  
SWAYING DRUNKENLY  
MAKES HIS WAY TO  
THE INNER CELLAR)



TELECINE 7:

Ext. Country Road.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
and SHOCKEYE are  
stepping out towards  
Seville.

They are being  
shadowed by THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) and his  
COMPANIONS.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Quail  
pate, I think, Shockeye,  
followed by a bisque de crevetes.  
Then a few juicy T-bone steaks  
washed down by an ample  
sufficiency of Monthelie.  
After that we can get down to  
business.

SHOCKEYE: Can't we walk a little  
quicker?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Wait -  
something's coming.

A dusty farm truck  
comes trundling along  
the road.

THE DOCTOR and  
SHOCKEYE flag it  
down.

It stops with a squeal  
of brakes.

THE SPANISH FARMER  
driving it leans out.



SHOCKEYE reaches up and catches him by the throat. He drags him out of the truck and breaks his neck with a casual twist.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON) watches with amusement.

SHOCKEYE throws the limp BODY into the ditch.

SHOCKEYE: Can you work this machine?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Of course. Get in, my friend, we shall be in Seville in five minutes.

The truck rattles off along the road.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) and COMPANY watch in dismay.

PERI: Now what do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Run. ~~We can't let them get too far ahead.~~

They set off at a quick jog.

JAMIE: I canna' believe that was the Doctor - just standing there letting that wee man get killed.



THE DOCTOR: Right now, I'm afraid, he's eighty per cent Androgum. By the time the effect reaches me it'll be close to a hundred per cent.

PERI: Reaches you?

THE DOCTOR: It will - unless we can save him. I'm already feeling ... changes.

Both PERI and JAMIE  
look at him worriedly.

They keep running.

END TELECINE 7.



17. INT. CELLARS.

(STIKE TAKES THE  
CONTROL BOX FROM  
OUTSIDE THE KIOSK  
AND CONNECTS IT  
TO THE CONSOLE  
INSIDE.

HE CLOSES THE  
KIOSK DOOR AND  
TAKES HIS PLACE  
AT THE DRIVE CENTRE.

THE CORONIC ACID IS  
STILL AFFECTING HIM  
AND HIS MOVEMENTS  
ARE SHAKY AND  
UNCERTAIN.

HE SETS THE CONTROLS  
AND PRESSES THE  
VAPOURISER IGNITION.

THE MODULE EMITS  
ITS FAMILIAR NOISE  
AND STARTS TO  
VIBRATE TOWARDS  
DE-MAT SPEED.

STIKE IS HIT BY  
THE SHATTERING  
VAPOURISATION FORCES  
AND PRESSED BACK  
INTO HIS SEAT.

HE GIVES A CRY,  
GHASTLY IN ITS  
AGONY.

PIECES BEGIN TO  
FALL OFF HIM REVEALING  
UNPLEASANT GREEN FLESH.

POWER IS ARCING  
ACROSS THE GAP IN THE  
REAR PANEL WHERE THE  
BRIODE-NEBULISER  
SHOULD BE.



STIKE FORCES HIS  
HAND FORWARD AND  
CUTS THE VAPOURISER  
IGNITION. THE  
TURMOIL QUIETENS  
AND STOPS.

STIKE FALLS FROM  
HIS SEAT TO THE  
FLOOR.

AFTER A TIME,  
SHUDDERING WITH  
EFFORT, HE DRAGS  
HIMSELF FROM THE  
KIOSK.

HE IS WORKING NOW  
ONLY ON THE DEEP  
SEATED SONTARAN  
INSTINCT FOR  
SURVIVAL)

STIKE: My <sup>space</sup>craft ...  
/v

(HE FINALLY MANAGES  
TO GET TO HIS FEET  
AND LURCHES FROM  
THE CELLAR)



TELECINE 8:

Ext. Seville Streets.  
Day.

Probably the Arab  
Quarter.

The streets are narrow,  
more in the nature of  
passages between the  
old buildings, and there  
is no traffic.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) and  
his COMPANIONS hurry  
breathlessly INTO SHOT  
and stop to look around.

JAMIE: We'll never find him  
here, Doctor.

PERI: It's ~~like a maze~~. *for his trip*

THE DOCTOR: Look ...

He hurries across to  
where the hi-jacked  
truck stands abandoned  
and feels the radiator.

THE DOCTOR: They can't be more  
than a minute or so ahead of us.

He stands with his  
head cocked, concentrating  
then he points.

THE DOCTOR: This way, I think.

PERI: How do you know?



THE DOCTOR: Peri, it is me we're following.

THE DOCTOR heads off towards some narrow steps.

They emerge on a high vantage point. Look round.

PAN SHOT from their P.O.V.

TWO DISTANT FIGURES crossing a square or courtyard.

JAMIE: There they are!

ZOOM IN ON SHOCKEYE and THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON).

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Quick!

They race off.

ANOTHER ANGLE:  
SHOCKEYE and THE DOCTOR.

SHOCKEYE: Personally I have never seen the necessity for starting a meal with - what was your word?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Hors d'oeuvres.

SHOCKEYE: Quite unnecessary, in my opinion. ~~A concession to gluttony.~~ Eight or nine main dishes should be enough for anyone.



THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Well, on this planet it is the custom. All the greatest chefs - ~~Careme~~ Brillat Savarin, the noble Escoffier - agree one should begin with a light dish. Something to bring relish to the appetite. ~~Pate de fois gras de Strasborg en croute~~ for instance, or a serving of Belon oysters. Even a simple salad with artichoke hearts and country ham will suffice to get the digestive juices flowing.

SHOCKEYE: All these delights that you speak of ... How much further is this place?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Just round the next corner if I remember rightly.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE DOCTOR (BAKER) leading his TROOPS down an alley.

He stops suddenly and then jumps back.

They dart into the shadow of an archway.

DASTARI and CHESSENE pass the end of the alley. WE TRACK WITH THEM.

DASTARI goes up the steps of a restaurant and looks inside. He shakes his head and returns to join CHESSENE in the street.

They move on.

ANGLE ON THE DOCTOR (BAKER) watching from a corner with PERI and JAMIE.



THE DOCTOR (BAKER): They're  
checking the restaurants.  
Something we should have  
thought of.

PERI: They were heading  
that way the last time we  
saw them.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Yes, come  
on. We must find him before  
Chessene does ...

They hurry off.

END TELECINE 8.



TELECINE 9:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

STIKE staggers out of the house. He is in a terrible state. He makes his way round the house disappearing behind.

There is a huge explosion. Bits of spacecraft soar into the air. The torn, lower half of a Sontaran leg hits the ground in front of CAMERA.

As the echoes of the explosion fade, a pall of black smoke rises over the tree tops.

END TELECINE 9.



18. INT. RESTAURANT.

(ANITA SITS AT  
THE TILL.

THE ROOM IS  
SOFTLY LIT, A  
PLACE OF OLD  
FASHIONED SPACE  
AND COMFORT, ITS  
TABLES IN ALCOVES  
IN THE MOORISH  
STYLE.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
AND SHOCKEYE ENTER.

OSCAR, NOW IN  
EVENING ATTIRE,  
SWOOPS FORWARD  
TO GREET THEM)

OSCAR: Welcome to La <sup>Cadras, Seurs.</sup> Pirandella,  
~~messieurs.~~ How delightful  
to see ...

(REACTS SLIGHTLY  
AS HE GETS A GOOD  
GANDER AT  
SHOCKEYE)

... gentlemen of the old school.  
May I enquire if you have a  
booking?

SHOCKEYE: Booking? I want  
food!

OSCAR: No reservation? Well, come  
this way, sir. ~~Fortunately I have an~~  
~~excellent table for you.~~ (cont ...)



(SHOCKEYE AND THE  
DOCTOR EASE INTO A  
CUBICLE AS OSCAR  
SIGNALS A WAITER)

OSCAR: ~~(cont)~~ Juan, attend to these  
gentlemen.

~~(THE WAITER OFFERS  
MENU CARDS)~~

SHOCKEYE: Do you serve humans here?

OSCAR: Most of the time, sir. Oh,  
yes, I would venture to say that most  
of our customers are certainly human.

SHOCKEYE: I mean human meat, you  
fawning imbecile!

(OSCAR KEEPS HIS  
SMILE INTACT)

OSCAR: No, sir. The nouvelle  
cuisine has not yet penetrated this  
establishment.

*Juan, attend to these gentlemen.*

(HE BOWS AND  
RETREATS.)

SHOCKEYE STUDIES  
THEIR WAITER)

SHOCKEYE: This little fellow has a  
darker flesh than the human you  
brought to the space station.

THE DOCTOR: That's because he's a  
continental. Full of garlic and Spanish  
onions. I wouldn't recommend him.

(SHOCKEYE LOOKS  
AT THE MENU)

SHOCKEYE: What do you recommend,  
Doctor?



TELECINE 10:

Ext. Seville Streets. Day.

PERI comes out of a  
shabby bistro and  
hurries across a  
square to catch  
JAMIE and THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER)

THE DOCTOR: No luck?

PERI shakes her head.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER) It didn't look  
the kind of place. They'll have  
gone somewhere more elaborate.

He stops and peers  
into a side alley.

JAMIE: What's wrong?

THE DOCTOR: There's a cat, look.

PERI: What about it?

THE DOCTOR has a  
strange, glazed  
expression.

THE DOCTOR: They say there's more  
than one way to ~~skin~~ a cat.  
(cont ...) *cook*

PERI and JAMIE  
exchange a look.

THE DOCTOR sets off  
down the alley, hand  
extended enticingly.



THE DOCTOR: (cont) Here, pussy.  
Come here, puss ...

PERI catches him by  
the arm.

PERI: Doctor, what are you doing?

THE DOCTOR: They make quite good  
eating. Most small mammals are  
most flavoursome when they're baked ...

He sways dizzily  
and holds his head.

PERI: What are you saying? I don't  
understand ...

THE DOCTOR supports  
himself against a  
wall. He shakes  
his head.

THE DOCTOR: I thought it would  
happen! We're turning into  
Androgums ...

PERI: You can't!

JAMIE: You're not an Androgum, you're  
a Time Lord! Get a hold of yourself,  
Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes, you're  
right. I'm a Time Lord.

There is a fountain or  
drinking bowl nearby.

THE DOCTOR goes heavily  
to it and  
his face with water.  
He straightens.

JAMIE: Are you all right now?



THE DOCTOR: Yes ... Yes, I'm all right. For the moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

They come to another small street.

DASTARI and CHESSENE walking purposefully out of it.

They dodge back and watch from behind a Moorish grille as DASTARI and CHESSENE hurry past.

THE DOCTOR: They're covered that street - so we'll take this one.

HIGH SHOT Of them moving down the chosen street.

CLOSE ON a restaurant facade.

*Caduas*  
PERI: La ~~Pirandello~~. Isn't that where Oscar works?

JAMIE: Aye, I think that was the name. Mind, there seems to be more places to eat in this town than you'd find fleas on a dog.

THE DOCTOR, PERI and JAMIE head towards the restaurant.

END TELECINE 10.



19. INT. RESTAURANT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
SHOCKEYE ARE  
SPRAWLED AT  
THEIR TABLE, STILL  
GLUTTONOUSLY STUFFING  
FROM THE ARRAY  
OF DISHES CRAMMED  
AROUND THEM.

ANITA IS TALKING  
SOMEWHAT ANXIOUSLY  
TO OSCAR.

SHOWS HIM A BILL)

OSCAR: What on earth have they had?  
Nobody can run up a bill for eighty-  
one thousand six hundred pesetas.

ANITA: They've had quenelles,  
ortolons and crevettes. They had  
the truffled goose with almonds,  
the wild boar with Grand Veneur  
saice, saddle of venison with  
chocolate, eight t-bone steaks  
and an entire fieldfare pie.

OSCAR: A whole pie? That's  
twelve servings!

ANITA: They've just ordered a  
dozen breasts of pigeon - probably  
to help down the last of their dozen  
bottles of wine.

OSCAR: What a Gargantuan repast!  
It's incredible - and they're still  
eating!

ANITA: I think they should start  
paying, Oscar.



OSCAR: Yes. Well, leave it to me.

(HE TAKES THE BILL  
AND APPROACHES THE  
TABLE)

I trust everything was to your  
satisfaction, gentlemen?

SHOCKEYE: Tolerable.

OSCAR: Well, may I say, sir,  
what a pleasure it has been to see  
such dedicated trenchermen enjoying  
their food. Unfortunately, the  
reckoning is rather high.

(HE PUTS THE BILL  
ON THE TABLE)

SHOCKEYE: What is this?

OSCAR: It is the amount you owe  
sir.

(SHOCKEYE LOOKS  
AT THE DOCTOR)

SHOCKEYE: ~~Do you understand this?~~

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): He's  
asking for money.

SHOCKEYE: Money?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Tokens of  
exchange.

SHOCKEYE: ~~Oh!~~ This is our tally?

(HE TAPS THE BILL)



OSCAR: Yes, sir.

~~(SHOCKEYE FUMBLES~~  
IN HIS POCKET AND  
PRODUCES A CRUMPLED  
NOTE)

SHOCKEYE: Here.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Keep the  
change.

OSCAR: I'm sorry, sir. I can see  
you are a wit as well as a bon  
vivant. But this, whatever it is,  
is not acceptable.

SHOCKEYE: That is a twenty narg note.  
You can change that anywhere in  
the nine planets.

OSCAR: ~~It's not acceptable here,~~  
~~sir.~~

SHOCKEYE: (TO THE DOCTOR) Do you  
have money?

THE DOCTOR: (SLEEPY) What? Oh,  
money! Yes, let me see ... I keep  
the stuff in one of these pockets ...  
Ah, here's some money.

(HE THROWS A WAD  
OF NOTES ON THE  
TABLE.

OSCAR PICKS THROUGH  
THE WAD OF NOTES)

OSCAR: This isn't money.

THE DOCTOR: Of course it's money.

*I don't know where you got this, but*



SHOCKEYE: Take it and leave us alone!

OSCAR: ~~I don't know where you got~~  
all this. The only one I recognise  
is five dollars in Confederate  
currency and that hasn't been legal  
since 1865!

SHOCKEYE: Send this whimpering  
~~ninny away!~~

OSCAR: Sir, if this is a joke it  
has gone on long enough. If you  
don't wish to pay cash we can accept  
any recognised credit card.

(SHOCKEYE RISES  
PONDEROUSLY)

SHOCKEYE: I'll pay you - with  
this!

(HE PRODUCES  
HIS KNIFE.

OSCAR STARES AT  
HIM AND BACKS AWAY)

Your whining importunancy has acidised  
my digestive juices!

(HE STABS OSCAR.

OSCAR FALLS BACK  
ACROSS THE TABLE.

ANITA SCREAMS.

WAITERS AND DINERS  
SCATTER.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
HAS FALLEN INTO A  
HEAVY SLEEP.

SHOCKEYE HEADS FOR  
THE REAR OF THE  
RESTAURANT.



THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
RUNS IN WITH PERI  
AND JAMIE)

PERI: Oscar!

(THEY RUN TO WHERE  
HE IS ROLLING AND  
GROANING ON THE  
TABLE)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): What happened?

OSCAR: Ah, officer. Promptly on  
the scene as always.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Let me see that.

(HE OPENS OSCAR'S  
SHIRT AND LOOKS  
AT THE WOUND.

OSCAR COUGHS  
PAINFULLY)

OSCAR: A ridiculous thing to happen.  
Dissatisfied customers usually just  
don't leave a tip.

PERI: What do you think?

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
CLOSES OSCAR'S SHIRT  
AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

ANITA COMES UP)

ANITA: You're going to be all right,  
Oscar. I've called for an ambulance  
and the Guardia Civil.

OSCAR: No, I fear this is  
Botcherby's last curtain call.  
The world will never see my ... my  
definitive Hamlet now.



PERI: We will. We'll all be there  
on the first night, Oscar.

OSCAR: To die, to sleep; To  
sleep, perchance to dream ... Where  
are you, Anita?

ANITA: I'm here.

(HE LOOKS UP AT  
HER WITH SIGHTLESS  
EYES. AND WHISPERS)

OSCAR: Please take care of my  
beautiful moths.

(HIS EYES CLOSE AND  
HE DIES.

JAMIE IS BENT OVER  
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON))

JAMIE: Doctor, something's happening  
to the Doctor! Look at his face!

(THE ANDROGUM FEATURES  
ARE SMOOTHING OUT  
AS THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON) RETURNS  
TO NORMAL.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
IS GNAWING HUNGRILY  
ON A CHOP ONE OF THE  
OTHER DINERS HAS  
ABANDONED)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Delicious ... Oh,  
look. Someone's left their Chicken  
Kiev.

PERI: Doctor! You're going again.

(HE LOOKS BLANKLY  
AT HER.

THEN RUBS HIS HEAD)



~~THE DOCTOR (BAKER): These Androgum  
instincts are very potent.~~

(HE SHAKES THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
BY THE SHOULDER.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
LOOKS UP)

Can you walk?

~~THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON: (TESTILY)  
You always seem concerned about  
whether I can walk or not. Of course  
I can walk!~~

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Then it's time we  
left.

(HE REACHES FOR A  
HANDFUL OF FRUIT,  
SEES PERL LOOKING AT  
HIM AND GUILTYLY RESISTS  
THE IMPULSE)



TELECINE 11:

Ext. Restaurant. Day.

Sirens are wailing  
nearer as THE DOCTORS  
et al emerge from the  
building.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): This way.

~~They start off  
in separate directions,  
then turn back with  
a mutual glare.~~

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Follow me.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Now look! You  
got me into this mess.

PERI: Will you two please stop  
squabbling? Let's go that way.

~~She points in a  
third direction. But~~ As  
they move off  
CHESSENE and DASTARI  
step from behind  
a colonade (if available).

CHESSENE shows a gun.

CHESSENE: No, ~~you'll come~~ this  
way. We have some unfinished business  
to attend to.

END TELECINE 11.



20. INT. HALLWAY.

(SHOCKEYE ENTERS.)

THE HALLWAY IS  
A MESS OF BROKEN  
PLASTER AND SHARDS  
OF GLASS.

HE LOOKS FROM  
ONE OF THE  
BROKEN WINDOWS.

HIS P.O.V.:)



TELECINE 12:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

THE DOCTORS, PERI  
and JAMIE being  
herded across the  
courtyard under  
the guns of DASTARI  
and CHESSENE.

END TELECINE 12.



21. INT. HALLWAY.

(SHOCKEYE SMILES.  
HE GOES TO THE  
DOOR AND OPENS  
IT.

THE PRISONERS  
ARE DRIVEN IN  
AT GUN-POINT.

SHOCKEYE CLOSES  
THE DOOR BEHIND  
THEM AS THEY  
STARE AROUND  
AT THE MESS)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): If she was  
my chatelaine, I'd sack her, Dastari.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Disgusting, isn't  
it?

CHESSENE: Shockeye, what has  
happened here?

SHOCKEYE: It would seem that  
Group Marshal Stike vapourised his  
spacecraft, madam - and himself.  
I found this.

(HE HOLDS OUT  
THE TORN SONTARAN  
LEG)

DASTARI: So he survived the  
coronic acid ...

CHESSENE: Obviously. (MOTIONS  
WITH HER GUN) Down to the cellars.  
You know the way, I think.



22. INT. CELLARS.

(THEY ENTER THE  
CELLARS.)

CHESSENE LOOKS  
AT THE KIOSK,  
ITS DOOR HANGING  
OPEN)

CHESSENE: The control box has been  
moved. If ~~Stike~~ had the stupidity  
to interfere -

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Well, he  
was in rather a hurry to get to  
the Madillon Cluster.

CHESSENE: Is it damaged?

DASTARI: ~~I can't see any structural~~  
damage. ~~But~~ The briode-nebuliser is  
missing.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Do you mean  
this?

(CHESSENE TAKES IT  
FROM HIM)

CHESSENE: Why did you remove it?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Because it  
contains my symbiotic print.

(CHESSENE STARES  
AT HIM DEEPLY)



CHESSENE: ~~As I read your mind,~~  
~~you tell the truth. Why?~~

(CHESSENE HANDS THE  
BRIODE-NEBULISER  
TO DASTARI)

Return this to the machine.

DASTARI: How did your Time Lord  
imprint get into this?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Stike learned  
how to initiate symbiosis. He  
forced me to use the machine.

CHESSENE: There is a simple way of  
testing whether you are still trying  
to deceive us ... Come, girl.

(SHE DRAGS PERI  
OVER TO THE  
KIOSK.

PERI GIVES THE  
DOCTOR (BAKER) A  
FRIGHTENED LOOK.  
HE NODS REASSURINGLY)

Now we shall see.

(SHE OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS. THE  
KIOSK YOWLS AND  
VIBRATES.

PERI AND THE  
KIOSK DEMATERIALISES)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): There you are.



DASTARI: Kartz and Reimer  
experimented like this many times.  
The subjects always vapourised  
into the time stream.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Peri won't.  
And she hasn't any symbiotic nuclei, I  
can assure you.

(CHESSENE MAKES AN  
ADJUSTMENT TO THE  
CONTROL BOX.

THE TARDIS SOUND.

THEN THE KIOSK  
REAPPEARS WITH  
PERI SITTING  
RIGIDLY INSIDE.

CHESSENE OPENS  
THE DOOR)

CHESSENE: Out.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Satisfied?

CHESSENE: Chain these creatures  
up.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Chain us up?  
After I've just handed you the  
power of time travel on a plate?  
Come on, Chessene, show a little  
gratitude.

(DASTARI OBEYS)

SHOCKEYE: Madam, before we leave  
let me cook one of the humans.

CHESSENE: Didn't you sate your  
appetite sufficiently in the city?



SHOCKEYE: A mere snack. You promised we could have a human before leaving earth.

CHESSENE: Well, if it would please you. Which do you want?

SHOCKEYE: I'll take the jack.

(HE HOOKS JAMIE  
ROUND THE NECK)

JAMIE: Get your hands off!

SHOCKEYE: Steady my beauty ...  
Oh, there's some juicy meat  
on this one, Chessene.

(HE EXITS DRAGGING  
JAMIE LIKE A  
STEER.

WITH THE MANACLES  
SECURED, DASTARI  
PLACES THE  
KEY ON THE  
OPERATING TABLE  
AND EXITS WITH  
CHESSENE)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): You could at  
least say good-bye.

(TO DOCTOR BAKER)

You're almost as clever as  
I am.

PERI: What does he mean?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): I presume  
you've sabotaged the briode-  
nebuliser?



THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Pared the interface.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Precisely what I'd have done.

PERI: But it - it worked, didn't it?

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): I left a thin membrane so that it would work once. I knew she'd want to test it.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Don't sound so smug. We've got to get Jamie out of that butcher's hands.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): How's your leg-iron, Peri?

PERI: ~~What d'you mean - how's my leg-iron?~~ Not very comfortable.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): ~~It's looser than ours.~~ Can't you wriggle your foot through it?

PERI: I'll try

(SHE SITS DOWN  
AND PULLS OFF HER  
SHOE. SHE TRIES  
TO PRIZE THE  
FITTER OVER  
HER ANKLE.

AFTER A TIME  
SHE GIVES UP  
IN PAIN)

It's no good, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Can you reach that wheelchair?



PERI: I'm not elastic.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): You should be able to reach the wheel-spokes from there.

(PERI STRETCHES  
TOWARDS IT, HER  
ONE LEG AWKWARDLY  
PINIONED. HER  
FINGERS CLOSE  
ON A SPOKE IN THE  
WHEEL)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Good girl.

PERI: What's the idea, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Roll it back towards him.

PERI: Why? He's not going anywhere in it.

(STILL, WITH  
EFFORT, SHE MANAGES TO  
ROLL THE CHAIR  
TOWARDS THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER). HE GRABS  
IT AND STRAIGHTENS  
IT TOWARDS THE  
OPERATING TABLE)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): What d'you think?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): It might work. Worth trying.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Right.



(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
PUSHES THE CHAIR AND  
SENDS IT CAREERING  
FORWARD TO  
WEDGE UNDER  
THE OPERATING  
TABLE. NOW,  
STRETCHING FORWARD  
AS FAR AS HE CAN  
WITH HIS FREE  
FOOT, HE WEDGES IT  
UNDER THE BACK OF  
THE SEAT.

USING ALL HIS  
STRENGTH, THE  
DOCTOR (BAKER)  
ATTEMPTS TO TIP  
THE CHAIR BACKWARDS.  
THE TABLE CANTS  
FRACTIONALLY)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Come on.  
Use some strength.

(GRITTING HIS TEETH,  
THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
TRIES AGAIN. THE  
TABLE TILTS SLOWLY  
SIDEWAYS. THE  
MANACLE KEY  
SLIDES DOWN ITS  
SMOOTH SURFACE  
AND DROPS INTO  
THE CHAIR)

Splendid! I couldn't have done  
better myself. (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
GIVES HIM A LOOK.  
HE HOOKS HIS FOOT  
UNDER THE AXLE  
AND DRAGS THE  
CHAIR BACK TOWARDS  
HIM.

AFTER THIS IT IS  
THE WORK OF A  
MOMENT TO COLLECT  
THE KEY AND START  
UNLOCKING HIS  
FETTER.



AS THE DOCTOR  
DOES THIS, THERE  
IS A DISTANT,  
FEARFUL CRY OF  
PAIN)

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): (cont)  
Never mind us. That's Jamie!  
Help him!

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
GIVES THE KEY  
TO PERI AND  
RUNS OUT)



23. INT. KITCHEN.

(JAMIE IS TRUSSED  
LIKE A TURKEY.

SHOCKEYE IS USING  
A HIGH-TEC COOKING  
AID - AN ELECTRONIC  
BOX WITH FLEXIBLE  
ELECTRODES WHICH  
HE IS APPLYING TO  
JAMIE'S BODY.

DASTARI COMES IN  
AS SHOCKEYE APPLIES  
ANOTHER JOLT.

JAMIE ARCHES AND  
SCREAMS)

DASTARI: What are you doing?

SHOCKEYE: Tenderising the meat. See  
how the flesh is marbling? That's the  
fatty tissue breaking up.

DASTARI: You should kill him first,  
surely?

SHOCKEYE: It works better on a live  
animal.

(HE PLACES THE  
ELECTRODES INTO  
JAMIE AGAIN.

ANOTHER SCREAM OF  
PAIN BUT LOWER THIS  
TIME AS JAMIE BEGINS  
TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS)



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DASTARI: It looks very painful.

SHOCKEYE: Simply a nervous reflex.  
I've been butchering all my life.  
Primitive creatures don't feel pain  
in the way that we would.

(HE PINCHES JAMIE'S  
LEG IN PROFESSIONAL  
APPRAISAL AND SETS  
~~THE ELECTRODES~~  
~~AGAIN.)~~

There ... I think it's about ready. I'll  
just put a tray under it to collect the  
blood. Waste not, want not.



24. INT. HALLWAY.

(ON THE DOCTOR  
(BAKER) WATCHING  
THROUGH THE HINGE-  
GAP OF THE KITCHEN  
DOOR.

SHOCKEYE TAKES HIS  
KNIFE AND GIVES IT  
A QUICK BURNISH  
AGAINST A STEEL)

SHOCKEYE: This is the part, I always  
say, where you can tell a butcher from  
a botcher. The meat should always  
have a clean edge.

(CHESSENE ENTERS  
ANGRILY)

CHESSENE: Dastari, you bungling oak!  
One of the Time Lords has escaped!

DASTARI: That's impossible!

CHESSENE: You couldn't have fastened  
the manacle properly.

DASTARI: Chessene, I know I did.

CHESSENE: Don't argue! It's vital  
that he be caught and killed.

SHOCKEYE: Madam, this will only take  
a few minutes. I thought we would have  
the saddle and the haunches for supper  
and -



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CHESSENE: Never mind that now,  
Shockeye! I want that Time Lord found!

(SHOCKEYE PUTS DOWN  
THE KNIFE)

~~I'd have killed them both earlier but I~~  
felt there was still some further  
secret - something they were trying to  
conceal from me.

(THEY EXIT.

THE DOCTOR STANDS  
FROZEN BEHIND THE  
DOOR AS THEY CROSS  
THE HALL AND DISAPPEAR.

THEN HE SLIPS INTO  
THE KITCHEN)

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25. INT. KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR PICKS UP  
A KNIFE AND SLICES  
JAMIE'S WRIST BONDS)

THE DOCTOR: Jamie, can you hear me?  
Jamie?

(JAMIE MOANS.

HE GLANCES ROUND.

SHOCKEYE IS IN THE  
DOORWAY, GLOATING)

SHOCKEYE: I thought you might return  
to help the primitive.

(HE ADVANCES.

THE DOCTOR BACKS  
ROUND THE TABLE.

SHOCKEYE PICKS UP  
HIS KNIFE. HE  
SUDDENLY CHARGES.

THE DOCTOR DODGES  
BUT THE KNIFE SLASHES  
ACROSS HIS LEG.

HE RUNS OUT INTO  
THE HALL WITH  
SHOCKEYE FOLLOWING)



26. INT. HALLWAY.

(HOLDING HIS  
INJURED LEG,  
THE DOCTOR RACES  
FROM THE HOUSE.

SHOCKEYE FOLLOWS)



TELECINE 13:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

CHESSENE comes round  
the corner of the  
house in time to  
see THE DOCTOR  
running off.

SHOCKEYE comes down  
the steps.

CHESSENE: Shockeye, the Time Lord -

SHOCKEYE: I know, madam. I wounded  
him, look.

He points to a patch  
of blood on the steps.

CHESSENE: Then follow his blood trail.  
Kill him, Shockeye.

SHOCKEYE: Certainly, madam.

He hurries off.

CHESSENE looks at the  
puddle of blood. Then  
she goes down on all  
fours and sniffs at it.

ANGLE: DASTARI watching  
her from a corner. He  
registers disgust and a  
sudden revulsion, realising  
the kind of creature he has  
made..

END TELECINE 13.



27. INT. KITCHEN.

(JAMIE IS RECOVERING.)

HE FINDS A KNIFE AND  
CUTS THE ROPS TRUSSING  
HIS ANKLES.

HE GETS OFF THE TABLE,  
BALANCING THE KNIFE IN  
HIS HAND)

JAMIE: I'll have that Shockeye, so I  
will ...

(HE GOES OUT GRIMLY)



28. INT. CELLARS.

(PERI AND THE  
DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
HAVE FREED THEMSELVES)

THE DOCTOR: Right, let's be off.

(HE TURNS TO LEAD THE  
WAY OUT AND FINDS  
DASTARI STANDING IN  
HIS PATH.

HE RAISES A GUN)

DASTARI: Chessene has ordered me to  
kill you.



TELECINE 14:

Ext. Hacienda Grounds.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
limping along desperately.  
He looks round, knowing  
that SHOCKEYE must be  
gaining.

SHOCKEYE pushing  
through the under-  
growth, head cocked.  
He sniffs the ground.  
Knife in hand, he  
moves on.

SHOCKEYE: Your run is nearly  
ended, Time Lord ...

THE DOCTOR stops and  
holds his leg in pain.  
Then he limps on.  
Through the bushes he  
catches sight of  
SHOCKEYE cutting down  
a bank towards him.  
He forces himself  
into a desperate run.

SHOCKEYE: (CALLS) Give up,  
Time Lord! You cannot escape  
Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig! (cont...)

THE DOCTOR almost  
falls and clutches a  
tree for support.  
On the ground ahead  
of him he sees the net,  
poison box and water  
bottle discarded by  
OSCAR.

SHOCKEYE is coming  
on more slowly now,  
eyes searching round,  
knowing he is almost  
on his prey.



THE DOCTOR tears a strip from his coat lining and empties the contents of the killing box into it. He then pours water from the bottle onto the pad. The lethal fumes begin to smoke. THE DOCTOR conceals himself behind a tree.

SHOCKEYE comes on. He reaches the spot where THE DOCTOR was but three seconds earlier. Again he stoops and sniffs the ground.

SHOCKEYE: (cont) The blood is warm and salt, Time Lord. I know how near you are.

But THE DOCTOR is even nearer than he thinks. He steps out from behind the tree and the net swishes over SHOCKEYE'S head and shoulders, pinioning his arms. THE DOCTOR leaps on him from behind, clamping the fuming cyanide pad over SHOCKEYE'S face.

SHOCKEYE gives a muffled howl. He swings furiously, his knife slashing at the air, and for a few seconds it seems that his enormous strength will dislodge THE DOCTOR.

But THE DOCTOR sticks to him and then the poison does its work.

SHOCKEYE sinks slowly to his knees and then pitches forward on his face.



THE DOCTOR holds  
the pad in position  
for a few seconds longer,  
just to be sure, and  
then stands tiredly.

SHOCKEYE lies motionless,  
his head wreathed in  
the white cyanide vapour.

END TELECINE 14.



29. INT. CELLARS.

(JAMIE MOVES  
STEALTHILY FORWARD.  
HE HEARS FOOTSTEPS  
APPROACHING AND  
HIDES.

CHESSENE PASSES.

CHESSENE ENTERS  
THE CELLAR WHERE  
PERI AND THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON) ARE HELD.

DASTARI IS WITH  
THEM. SHE STOPS)

CHESSENE: I ordered you to kill  
these two. Why are they still  
alive?

DASTARI: There has been enough  
killing, Chessene. And it is  
my fault. I took an Androgum -  
a lowly, unthinking creature of  
instinct - and tried to put ~~you~~ *her*  
among the gods. That was my mistake.

CHESSENE: I put myself among  
the gods. And now I shall liberate  
my people. With me as their  
leader we shall reign over all  
other beings.

THE DOCTOR: Not for long. You'll  
eat most of them in a couple of  
years.

DASTARI: The Doctor is right. I  
raised your horizons but your nature  
is unchanged. You are the same  
brutish primitive you always were.



(DASTARI TRIES TO  
GRAB CHESSENE'S  
GUN.

CHESSENE SHOOTS  
HIM AND HE FALLS  
BACK WITH A CRY.

THE DOCTOR GRABS  
PERI AND RUNS)

CHESSENE: Stop!

(SHE AIMS.

JAMIE RISES BEHIND  
HER AND FLINGS HIS  
KNIFE. IT STRIKES  
CHESSENE'S ARM AS  
SHE FIRES. THE SHOT  
GOES WILD.

CHESSENE DROPS  
THE GUN AND HOLDS  
HER ARM.

THE DOCTOR AND  
PERI HAVE ESCAPED  
INTO THE NEXT CELLAR.

CHESSENE ENTERS  
THE TIME MODULE.  
SHE SWITCHES ON.

THE KIOSK YOWLS  
AND VIBRATES.

CHESSENE SCREAMS  
IN PAIN AND FALLS.  
THE KIOSK BEGINS  
TO SMOKE. THERE  
ARE EXPLOSIONS  
INSIDE. THEN A  
FINAL, BIG EXPLOSION  
AND THE MACHINE  
FALLS APART.

CHESSENE LIES  
DEAD. HER FEATURES  
HAVE REGRESSED TO  
THE PRIMITIVE  
ANDROGUM PATTERN.



PERI, JAMES AND  
THE DOCTOR LOOK  
AT HER)

PERI: Is she dead?

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Very.  
Molecular disintegration. Painful,  
they tell me, while it lasts.

PERI: That's it then.

JAMIE: Except for Shockeye ...

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): (ENTERS) ~~You~~  
~~can forget Shockeye~~ He's been -  
uh - mothballed.

(HE LOOKS AT  
THE KIOSK)

My word, that's a mess. It'll  
take you quite a while to repair  
that.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): It won't  
be necessary.

(HE TAKES THE  
LITTLE BLACK MUSHROOM  
BUTTON FROM HIS  
LAPEL.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
STARES)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): A Stattenheim  
remote control! Where did you  
get that? I've always wanted one  
of those.

(THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
SMILES AS HE OPERATES  
THE BUTTON)



THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): Some of us have earned these little privileges, you know.

(THE TARDIS APPEARS.

HE OPENS ITS DOOR)

After you, Jamie.

JAMIE: Goodbye, Peri ... Doctor.

THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON): And do try to keep out of my way in the time continuum, there's a good fellow. It should be big enough for the two of us.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
GLARES AS THE  
TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

THE DOCTOR (BAKER): Of all the conceited ingrates! ~~I must say I don't care for my attitude at all...~~  
*He almost conceals my natural charm.*

PERI: Is that your Tardis?

(THE DOCTOR NODS)

I don't understand how it can manage to be in two places at the same time.

THE DOCTOR: That's the whole point. It isn't the same time, is it? My Tardis is at least a five minute walk from here. *Come on.*

(PERI SHRUGS:  
SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND)



PERI: How do you feel?

THE DOCTOR: I'll survive.

PERI: You need a holiday. We could go fishing again.

(THE DOCTOR LIMPS  
TO THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not. I still have to purge myself of these Androgum elements. So it's a healthy vegetarian diet from now on.

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

FADE OUT